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THE CITIZEN.

AN INDEPENDENT
WEEKLY

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Devoted to the Interests of the Home, School, and Farm.

50c a Year

VOL. I.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1900.

NO. 42.

THE CITIZEN

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IDEAS.

He that goes a borrowing returns a sorrowing.

It's an easy matter to ignore an insult aimed at somebody else.

If a man has pluck and action he will always find the means and ways.

It sometimes happens that while a man is watching his enemies, his friends get the best of him.

Foreign News.

Nearly five million people in India are receiving regular aid.

Turkey has prohibited the importation of American pork.

Swiss watch makers are combining to protect themselves from American competition.

The Arabs have suffered a severe defeat by a French force at Inahr in the Sahara Desert.

The wheat crop in India has suffered to the extent of 40 to 50 million dollars on account of the drouth.

Winston Churchill in a dispatch from Cape Town, recommends a generous and forgiving policy towards the rebels.

President Kruger has warned the women and children to leave Bloemfontein within five days, as he intends to destroy the city.

The Danish Cabinet has expressed a wish to resign, owing to the attitude of the Lower House toward the taxation question.

Geo. Joubert, Commander in Chief of the Boer Army is dead. Pres. Kruger is expected to take command of the Transvaal forces.

The Berne award in the Delagoa Bay Case which calls for the payment to claimants in Great Britain and the United States of 15 million three hundred and fourteen francs will soon be paid and that without recourse to a loan so says the Portuguese foreign minister.

National News.

Reports from the Philippines are still discouraging.

After few days debate the House has passed the army appropriation bill.

The bubonic plague in Honolulu has about ceased, so that the quarantine, it is believed, will soon be removed.

Cubans are hoping to establish an independent republic. The coming elections will do a great deal toward deciding whether they are capable of self-government or not.

The Superintendent of Public Schools in Cuba expects to bring a thousand of Cuban teachers to the United States this summer to visit a few weeks at Harvard and other places.

The Secretary of the Treasury estimates that the government receipts for the year ending with June will exceed expenditures by \$60,000,000. He thinks that the present rate of taxation might be reduced.

Kentucky News.

Gov. Nash, of Ohio, refuses to recognize either Taylor or Beckham.

The grand jury reports that Louisville has been almost freed from public gaming.

W. S. Taylor spent several days in Morgantown this week, having been called there by the death of his sister.

The argument before the Court of appeals in the suit for the governorship began Monday morning. An opinion is expected to-day or to-morrow.

Mass-meetings have been held in several cities of the state to put on foot a non-partisan movement looking toward action to retrieve the lost reputation of Kentucky. It was decided to call delegates from every county in the state to meet in convention at Louisville, April 24th.

Locals and Personals.

Smallpox in Paris, Ky.

Peytontown is free from small pox.

Dr. L. A. Davis arrived home from St. Louis Thursday.

C. H. Burdette was in Richmond Friday and Saturday.

Extra fine sealing wax for correspondence at the Printing-office.

We are entitled to five or six more snow storms before spring arrives.

Earl Paddock and Perry Shrock drove to Richmond Friday afternoon.

J. W. Lovejoy was called home last week by the sudden illness of his father.

Fred Keller has been suffering from a painful boil on his chin, the past week.

Miss Blanch TouVelle, a former student, now of Ohio, is the guest of the Misses Hanson.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's physical culture classes have been fully organized and are now doing regular work.

A blithe spirit, somehow, puts charm and color on the darkest troubles, as the sun does on the storm-clouds.

Cuts, wounds, burns, sprains and bruises quickly heal if you apply Ballard's Snow Liniment. Price, 25 and 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

There is a case of small pox reported at Big Hill. Dr. Davis found twelve cases of measles at the same place.

Miss Nannie Tudor, of Richmond, was in our city over Sunday. She leaves to-day for Cincinnati where she will spend the spring visiting relatives.

For coughs and colds there is no medicine so effective as Cousen's Honey of Tar. It is the ideal remedy. Price, 25 and 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Even the most vigorous and hearty people have at times a feeling of weariness and lassitude. To dispel this feeling take Herbine; it will impart vigor and vitality. Price, 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

The local freight, while switching at the station last Thursday, run one pair of trucks of a car off the track and delayed the passenger train a short while.

Lincoln Hall had a narrow escape from fire last Thursday morning, when some paper in the basement caught fire, but just happened to be discovered before any damage was done. These little incidents are only timely warnings of possibilities, and steps should be taken at once to insure protection for the buildings of our city and college.

Those horrid fits of depression, melancholy, low spirits, and sudden irritability, that sometimes afflict even good tempered people, is due to the blood being permeated with black bile. Herbine will purify the blood, restore health and cheerfulness. Price 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

The L. & N. and several other railroads in Kentucky have deposited in a Frankfort bank \$250,000, the amount of their taxes payable to the state treasurer of Kentucky, and are now trying to find out whether the money should be paid to the republican or democratic state officials.

Mothers! Beware of those secret robbers of your baby's quiet and health. Those sleepless nights and long hours of tiresome vigil are caused by those enemies of childhood—worms. Destroy and remove them with White's Cream Vermifuge. Price 25 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

A rousing base ball meeting was held Monday afternoon. The large attendance showed that much interest was felt, and every thing looks more promising for a good team than ever before, as there are many new candidates who will make good players. M. L. Spink was elected manager, Howard Embree, captain, and Ben Paddock assistant capt.

Many people suffer untold tortures from piles, because of the popular impression that they cannot be cured. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment will cure them. It has met with absolute success. Price, 50 cts. in bottles, tubes 75 cts. S. E. Welch Jr.

A PROCLAMATION OF

ECONOMY for the Fall and Winter
Season in Men's and Boys' Fine
Stylish Made

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LESS MONEY

Than elsewhere. How can we afford to sell such high-grade Clothing for less money than elsewhere? Our answer is pure and simple: Ours is a modern store, constructed strictly on progressive plans, our Clothing is sold on the smallest margin of profit, depending on a large volume or business. The more Clothing we sell, the greater our purchasing power the lower our prices, that's the story in a nutshell.

COVINGTON & MITCHELL

RICHMOND - - KENTUCKY

A fine vein of lead ore has been found on a farm in Bourbon county.

Capt. Chas. Gallagher, a Lancaster citizen, died at Winchester last Wednesday.

The L. & N. shops at Bowling Green have closed down, preparatory to removal to Paris, Tenn.

The Bible has been translated as a whole or in part into 400 languages or dialects so that four-fifths of the world, if they could only read, could read the Word.

Surely anybody can see that the one who has a heart in him, in any-wise shining with the cheer which streams from such extracts and instances, is the one for doing, enduring, achieving in this world of ours.

There are 45 counties in prohibition Kansas where the poor-houses and poor farms are without a single pauper, and at the last sitting of the districts courts, there were 37 counties where no criminals were found for trial. Prohibition satisfies the majority in the State. What license state can show a county where there is not a pauper in its poor-house, or a criminal for its courts?

New Organization.

The following Resolutions were adopted by a mass meeting of the Order of the Veterans of the Spanish-American War, held at Berea, Ky., March 24th, 1900:

RESOLVED, that we the Veterans of the Spanish-American War, set apart the 17th day of July of each year as S. A. Memorial Day for the following reasons:

1st. That we may appropriately celebrate the fall of Santiago and the day on which the American flag was first permanently raised over a foreign palace.

2nd. To belittlingly honor our brave comrades who fell before Santiago and other places, and the noble men who went down with the Maine.

3rd. That we may kindly annually the smoldering fire of patriotism which burns in the breasts of over two hundred thousand of America's bravest and noblest young men.

4th. That we will do all in our power to establish local organizations of the Veterans of the Spanish-American War throughout all the States and Territories of the United States.

5th. That we are now trained and prepared to do more and greater service for our country than ever before, and that we as a body continue, as far as practically, our training, and hold ourselves in a National Organization, ready for any conflict which may arise.

6th. That we will encourage temperance and morality in every way possible among our members and strive to set an example for the Military forces of the Twentieth Century.

R. F. TRUETT, Chairman of Committee.

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WITH YOUR ORDER, cut this ad. out and send to us and we will send you OUR HIGH GRADE BURDICK SEWING MACHINE by freight, C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your home and if you are not perfectly satisfied, return it to us and we will refund your money. If you are satisfied, pay Special Offer Price \$15.50 your freight agent and freight charges. Machine weighs 120 pounds and the freight will average 25 cents for each 100 miles. GIVE IT THREE MONTHS TRIAL in your own home, and we will return your money any day you are not satisfied. We sell different makes and grades of Sewing Machines at \$25.00, \$35.00, \$45.00, \$55.00 and up, all fully described in our Free Sewing Machine Catalogue, but \$15.50 for this HIGH GRADE BURDICK SEWING MACHINE is the greatest value ever offered by any house.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Who copy our advertisement, and who sell cheap imitations, who are not reliable and who are not. Buy every BURDICK SEWING MACHINE, EVERY GOOD POINT OF EVERY HIGH GRADE MACHINE MADE, WITH THE BURDICK NAME, from the best makers in America. From the best material money can buy.

SOLID QUARTER SAWED OAK DROP DESK CABINET, please polished, closed (head dropping from sides) to be used as a center table, stand or desk, the other open with full length table and head in place for sewing. A heavy drawers, latest 1899 style, frame, carved, painted, enameled and decorated cabinet finish, finest nickel drawer pulls, rests on four casters, adjustable casters, genuine Smyth iron stand. Fixed large Rib Arm head, positive four motion feed, self threading vibrating shuttle, automatic bobbin winder, adjustable bearings, patent tension liberator improved loose wheel, adjustable pressure foot, improved shuttle carrier, patent needle bar, patent dress guard, 4-4-4. Handsomely decorated and ornamented and beautifully nickel plated. The lightest runner, most durable and secret rollerless machine made. Every known attachment is furnished and our Free Instruction Book tells just how anyone can run it and do either plain or any kind of fancy work. A 30-Year Binding Guarantee is sent with every machine. To see and examine this machine, compare it with those your storekeeper sells at \$25.00 to \$50.00, and then if convinced that you are saving \$25.00 to \$30.00, pay your freight agent the \$15.50. TO GET IT, send \$15.50 (if at any time within three months you are not satisfied, GUARANTEE TO REFUND). Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) Chicago, Ill.



Find a flaw if you can in the ARTIFICIAL TEETH

we make—quality, finish, fit, and, yes prices, and you can have your money back. The work is of such superior quality that we have no hesitation in making this statement. Filling with finest amalgam or gold and extracting is done without pain. Durability of the work guaranteed. We only use the finest materials. Our fillings are works of art.

Teeth extracted,—25 cents.
Finest amalgam fills,—75 cents.
Fine gold fills,—\$1.50.
A good set of teeth, \$5.

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CUT FLOWERS FOR EASTER.

Cut flowers for Easter will be very high, but I can take your orders at the following prices:

Carnations, very large, long stems—\$1.00 to \$1.25 per doz.

Violets, very large, long stems—25 cts per doz.

Roses, very fine \$2.50-3.50 per doz.

Prices after Easter will be very much lower. I will take orders of flowers for funerals, socials, weddings, etc. Funeral bunches from \$1.50 up. Give your orders to

E. Guy Tankersley,

Or write direct to

MISS ADDIE HUNLEY, Florist,

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At prices to suit the times. Material and work first-class.

JOHN HARWOOD, Prop. 7-5-00 Berea, Ky.

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Views about Berea a specialty. 6-28-00

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IF YOU WANT THEM AT ALL
Glasses that are not properly adjusted to your eyes are actually dangerous. I know it, and you ought to know it. I will not attempt to suit glasses to your eyes until I know what is needed. Eyes examined free.

A Nice line of Novelties in JEWELRY.

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A New Discovery for the Certain Cure of INTERNAL and EXTERNAL PILES, WITHOUT PAIN.
CURES WHERE ALL OTHERS HAVE FAILED.
TUBES, BY MAIL, 75 CENTS; BOTTLES, 50 CENTS.
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THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEEBA, : : : KENTUCKY.

APRIL—1900.

Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30

Luccheni, the murderer of Empress Elizabeth, is again in solitary confinement. He tried to stab the superintendent of the prison where he is confined with a sharp instrument he had made out of a can opener. The reason for the attack was the refusal of unusual privileges.

Hawaiians call their chief islands Hahwy-ee; we say Hah-wy-ee. Other proper ways of giving well known Hawaiian names are: O-hu-hu, Ho-no-lulu, Mow-ee (Maui), Kow-aye (Kauai), Ne-e-how (Nihaui), Hee-lo (Hilo), La-by-na (Lahaina), Koh-hah-la (Kohala). Vowels are as in Italian, and deserves much care; Hawaiians pay little attention to consonants.

The colonization season has opened promisingly in the south, and industrial agents say the year will be a record breaker for immigration. Many new mills and factories are being located along the lines of southern railroads, and new industries are constantly developing. Large colonies are also coming south, and thousands of people are taking advantage of the home seekers' excursions.

A change in the quality of straw hats for the Cuban and Porto Rican trade is reported by dealers this season. The goods are to be mostly of bright striking colors. Two years ago hats of this character were rarely seen in Cuba, all the women wearing black then, either for personal mourning or as an evidence of sorrow over Spanish rule. The change in fashions indicate the happier conditions which prevail in the island.

The women of Marmaton, Kan., five miles west of Ft. Scott, have organized themselves into a band of laborers for the building of the United Brethren church there. Twelve of them donned old clothes the other day and began the work of excavating for the foundations. Enough money to build the church could not be raised, so the women determined to take up the work and do it themselves rather than let the project be abandoned.

Gen. Edward Moody McCook, who has been compelled to seek a refuge in the soldiers' home at Yountville, Cal., belongs to the historic "fighting McCooks," almost a score of whom have been military men of renown. The general is the son of the late John McCook, and was born at Steubenville, O., in 1835. He was the fifth and seventh governor of Colorado, and was active in the territorial legislature of Kansas at the time when the state of Kansas was formed.

Italy's sanitary precautions are interfering with the jubilee pilgrimages. A train load of 361 Marseilles pilgrims was stopped at the frontier and informed that every one must be vaccinated before entering Italy. The pilgrims refused to submit, and were sent back to Marseilles. The government officials declare that the measure is due to the prevalence of smallpox in Southern France, but the clerics maintain that it is devised solely to annoy intending visitors to Rome.

Few rich men work harder than John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil Croesus, and certainly no other New York millionaire is personally so little in evidence as he. Nearly every day he puts in a lengthy period at his office in lower Broadway, and even the days he is absent are usually passed in business pursuits elsewhere. There is, therefore, color of truth in the report that he recently sighed for a man to look after his interests, offering to pay an annual salary of \$1,000,000 for such service.

The first shipment of steel ever made from the south to the north left Birmingham the other day when a train of 21 cars, carrying 462 tons of steel billets, departed over the Southern railway for Worcester, Mass. The steel was made at the new million-dollar plant of the Alabama Steel and Ship Building Co. at Ensley, which began operations in January last, and was consigned to the American Steel and Wire Co. It will be used in the manufacture of wire.

A German authority has recently announced the discovery of a tree in the forests of Central India which has most curious characteristics. The leaves of the tree are of a highly sensitive nature, and so full of electricity that whoever touches one of them receives an electric shock. It has a very singular effect upon a magnetic needle, and will influence it at a distance of even 70 feet. The electrical strength of the tree varies according to the time of day, it being strongest at midday and weakest at midnight. In wet weather its powers disappear.

WE MUST GROW OLD.

We must grow old! The years go by. Sometimes on wings they seem to fly: But why such haste? We know not why! We only know that we grow old!

Sometimes, alas! the years they go As if with leaden feet, so slow. We faint from pain. We cannot know Wherefore or why, but we grow old!

Each vanished year its own sad tale Of disappointment, woe and wail. Adds to the score, until we fall. Since we grow old! We must grow old!

The broken links of life's short chain Can never find their place again: The heart will bleed when pierced with pain.

When loved ones die, and we grow old. Into the dark unknown we take. The hopes a misfortune could not shake, Pure as the mountain's snowy flake.

Where all is well—when we are old. —Timothy Thomas Fortune, in N. Y. Sun.



A stirring story of Army life in the Philippines. (Copyright, 1899, by F. Tennyson Neely.)

CHAPTER VI.

The great thoroughfare of that wonderful city, seated on more than seven hills, and ruling the western world, was thronged from curb to curb. Gay with bunting and streamers, the tall buildings of the rival newspapers and the long facades of hotels and business blocks were gayer still with the life and color and enthusiasm that crowded every window. Street traffic was blocked. Cable cars clanged vainly and the police strove valiantly. It was a day given up to but one duty and one purpose, that of giving Godspeed to the soldiery ordered for service in the distant Philippines, and, though they hailed from almost every section of the union, except the Pacific slope, as though they were her own children, with all the hope and faith and pride and patriotism, with all the blessings and comforts with which she had loaded the foremost ships that sailed, yet happily without the tears that flowed when her own gallant regiment was first to lead the way, San Francisco turned out en masse to cheer the men from far beyond the Sierras and the Rockies, and to see them proudly through the Golden Gate. Early in the day the guns of a famous light battery had been trundled, decked like some rose-covered chariot at the summer festival of flowers, through the winding lanes of eager forms and faces, the cannoneers almost dragged from the ranks by the clasping hands of men and women who seemed powerless to let go. With their little brown carbines tossed jauntily over the broad blue shoulders, half a regiment of regular cavalry dismounted, had gone trudging down to the docks, cheered to the gateway of the pier by thousands of citizens who seemed to envy the very recruits who, only half-uniformed and drilled, brought up the rear of the column. Once within the massive wooden portals, the guards and sentries holding back the importunate crowd, the soldiers flung aside their heavy packs, and were marshalled before an array of tempting tables and there feasted, comforted and rejoiced under the ministrations of that marvelous successor of the sanitary commission of the great civil war of the sixties—the order of the Red Cross. There at those tables in the dust and din of the bustling piers, in the soot and heat of the railway station, in the jam and turmoil at the ferry houses, in the fog and chill of the seaward camps, in the fever-haunted wards of crowded field hospitals, from dawn till dark, from dark till dawn, toiled week after week devoted women in every grade of life, the wife of the millionaire, the daughter of the day laborer, the gentle born, the delicately reared, the social pets and darlings, the humble streetress, no one too high to stoop to aid the departing soldier, none too poor or low to deny him cheer and sympathy. The war was still young then. Spain had not lowered her riddled standard and sued for peace. Two great fleets had been swept from the seas, the guns of Santiago were silenced, and the stronghold of the orient was sulking in the shadow of the flag, but there was still soldier work to be done, and so long as the nation sent its fighting men through her broad and beautiful gates San Francisco and the Red Cross stood by with eager, lavish hands to heap upon the warrior sons of a score of other states, even as upon their own, every cheer and comfort that wealth could purchase, or human sympathy devise. It was the one feature of the war days of '98 that will never be forgotten.

At one of the flower-decked tables near the great "stage" that led to the main deck of the transport, a group of blithe young matrons and pretty girls had been busily serving fruit, coffee and bouillon and substantial to the troopers, man after man, for over two hours. There was lively chat and merry war of words going on at the moment between half a dozen young officers who had had their eyes on that particular table ever since the coming of the command, and were now making the most of their opportunities before the trumpets should sound the assembly and the word be passed to move aboard. All the heavy baggage and ammunition had, at last, been swung into the hold; the guns of the battery had been lowered and securely chocked; the forecastle head was thronged with the red trimmed uniforms of the artillerymen, who had already been embarked and were now jealously clamoring that the troopers should be "shut off" from the further ministrations of the Red Cross, and broadly intimating that it wasn't a fair deal that their rivals should be allowed a whole additional hour of lingering farewells.

Lingering farewells there certainly were. Many a young soldier and many a lass "paired off" in little nooks and corners among the stacks of bales and boxes, but at the table nearest the staging all seemed gay good humor. A merry little woman with straw-colored hair and pert, tip-tilted nose and much vivacity, and complexion, had apparently taken the lead in the warfare of chaff and fun. Evidently she was no stranger to most of the officers. Almost as evidently, to a very close observer who stood a few paces away, she was no intimate of the group of women who with good right regarded that table as their especial and personal charge. Her Red Cross badge was very new; her garb and gloves were just as fresh and spotless. She had not been lading out milk and cream, or buttering sandwiches, or pinning souvenirs on dusty blue blouses ever since early morning. Other faces there showed through all their smiles and sweetness the traces of long days of unaccustomed work and short nights of troubled sleep. Marvelous were Mrs. Frank Garrison's recuperative powers, thought they who saw her brought home in the Primes' stylish carriage, weak and helpless and shaken after her adventure of the previous day. She had not been at the Presidio a week and yet she pervaded it. She had never thought of such a thing as the Red Cross until she found it the center of the social firmament after her arrival at San Francisco, and here she was, the last comer, the foremost ("most forward" I think some one described it) in their circle at one of the most prominent tables, absorbing much of the attention, most of the glory, and none of the fatigue that should have been equally shared by all.

"Adios!" she gayly cried, as the "assembly" rang out, loud and clear, and waving their hands and raising their caps, the officers hastened to join their commands. "Adios, till we meet in Manila."

"Do you really think of going to the Philippines, Mrs. Garrison?" queried a much older looking, yet younger woman. "Why, we were told the general said that none of his staff would be allowed to take their wives."

"Yet there are others!" laughed Mrs. Garrison, waving a dainty handkerchief toward the troops now breaking into column of twos and slowly climbing the stage. "Who would want to go with that blessed old undertaker? Good-bye—bon voyage, Georgie," she cried, blowing a kiss to the lieutenant at the head of the second troop, a youth who blushed and looked confused at the attention thereby centered upon him and who would fain have shaken his fist, rather than waved the one unoccupied hand in perfunctory reply. "When I go I'll choose a ship with a band and broad decks, not any such cramped old canal boat as the Portland."

"Oh! I thought perhaps your husband," began the lady, dubiously, but with a significant glance at the silent faces about her. "Who? Frank Garrison? Heavens! I haven't known what it was to have a husband—since that poor dear boy went on staff duty," promptly answered the diminutive center of attraction, a merry peal of laughter ringing under the dingy archway of the long, long roof. "Why, the Portland has only one stateroom in it big enough for a bandbox, and of course the general has to have that, and there isn't a deck where one couple could turn a slow waltz. No, indeed! wait for the next flotilla, when our fellows go, bands and all. Then we'll see."

"But surely, Mrs. Garrison, we are told the war department has positively forbidden officer's wives from going on the transports"—again began her interrogator, a wistful look in her tired eyes. "I know I'd give anything to join Mr. Dutton."

"The war department has to take orders quite as often as it gives them. Mrs. Dutton. The thing is to know how to be of the order giving side. Oh, joy!" she suddenly cried. "Here are the Primes and Amy Lawrence—then the regiments must be coming! And there's Stanley Armstrong!"

Far up the westward street the distant roar of voices mingled with the swing and rhythm and crash of martial music. Dock policemen and soldiers on guard began boring a wide lane through the throng of people on the pier. A huge black transport ship lay moored along the opposite side to that on which the guns and troopers were embarked, and for hours bales, boxes and barrels had been swallowed up and stored in her capacious depths until now, over against the tables of the Red Cross, there lay behind a rope barrier, taut stretched and guarded by a line of sentries, an open space close under the side of the greater steamer and between the two landing stages, placed fore and aft. By this time the north tide of the broad pier was littered with the inevitable relics of open air lunching, and though busy hands had been at work and the tables had been cleared, and fresh white cloths were spread and everything on the tables began again to look fair and inviting, the good fairies themselves looked askance at their bestrewn surroundings. "Oh, if we could only move everything bodily over to the other side," wailed Madam President, as from her perch on a stack of Red Cross boxes she surveyed that coveted stretch of clean, unhampered flooring.

"And why not?" chirruped Mrs. Garrison, from a similar perch, a tier or two higher. "Here are men enough to move mountains. All we have to do is to say the word."

"Ah, but it isn't," replied the other, gazing wistfully about over the throng of faces, as though in search of some one sufficient in rank and authority to serve her purpose. "We plead in vain with the officer-of-the-guard. He says his orders are imperative—to allow no one to intrude on that space," and madam looked as though she would rather look anywhere than at the animated spirit above her. "What nonsense!" shrilled Mrs. Garrison. "Here, Cherry," she called to a pretty girl, standing near the base of the pile, "give me my bag. I'm army woman enough to know that order referred only to the street crowd that sometimes works in on the pier and steals." The bag was duly passed up to her. She cast one swift glance over the heads of the crowd to where a handsome carriage was slowly working its way among the groups of prettily-dressed women and children—friends and relatives of members of the departing commands, in whose behalf, as though by special dispensation, the order excluding all but soldiers and the Red Cross had been modified. Already the lovely dark-eyed girl on the near side had waved her hand in greeting, responding to Mrs. Garrison's enthusiastic signals, but her companion, equally lovely, though of far different type, seemed preoccupied, perhaps unwilling to see, for her large, dark, thoughtful eyes were engaged with some object on the opposite side—not even with the distinguished looking soldier who sat facing her and talking quietly at the moment with Mr. Prime. There was a gleam of triumph in Mrs. Garrison's dancing eyes as she took out a flat notebook and pencil and dashed off a few lines in bold and vigorous strokes. Tearing out the page, she rapidly read it over, folded it and glanced imperiously about her. A cavalry sergeant, one of the home troop destined to remain at the Presidio, was leaning over the edge of the pier, hanging on to an iron ring and shouting some parting words to comrades on the upper deck, but her shrill soprano cut through the dull roar of deep, masculine voices and the tramp of feet on resounding woodwork.

"Sergeant!" she cried, with quick decision. "Take this over to the officer in command of that guard. Then bring a dozen men and move these two tables across the pier." The cavalryman glanced at the saucy little woman in the stunning costume, "took in" the gold crossed sabres, topped by a regimental number in brilliants that pinned her martial collar at the round, white throat, noted the ribbon and pin and badge of the Red Cross, and the symbol of the Eighth corps in red enamel and gold upon the breast of her jacket, and above all the ring of accustomed authority in her tone, and never hesitated a second. Springing to the pile of boxes he grasped the paper, respectfully raised his cap and bowed his stalwart way across the pier. In three minutes he was back—half a dozen soldiers at his heels.

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"All by this stage! Why?"

"Where'd you have 'em, ma'am—miss?" he asked, as the men grasped the supports and raised the nearest table.

"Straight across and well over to the edge," she answered, in the same crisp tones of command. Then, with total and instant change of manner, "I suppose your tables should go first, Madam President," she smilingly said. "It shall be as you wish about the others."

And the Red Cross was vanquished. "I declare," said an energetic official, a moment later, leaning back on her throne of lemon boxes and fanning herself vigorously, "for a whole hour I've been trying to move that officer's heart and convince him the order didn't apply to us. Now how did—she—do it?"

"The officer must be some old—some personal friend," hazarded the secretary, with a quick feminine comprehensive glance at the little lady now being lifted up to shake hands with the carriage folk, after being loaded with compliments and congratulations by the ladies of the two favored tables.

"Not at all," was the prompt reply. "He is a volunteer officer he never set eyes on before to-day. I would like to know what was on that paper."

But now the roar of cheering and the blare of martial music had reached the very gateway. The broad portals were thrown open and in blue and brown, crushed and squeezed by the attendant throng, the head of the column of infantry came striding on to the pier. The band, wheeling to one side, stood at the entrance, playing them in, the rafters ringing to the stirring strains of "The Liberty Bell." They were still far down the long pier, the sloping rifles just visible, dancing over the heads of the crowd. No time was to be lost. More tables were to be carried, but—who but that—"that little army woman" could give the order so that it would be obeyed. Not one bit did the president like to do it, but something had to be done to obtain the necessary order, for the soldiers who so willingly and promptly obeyed her beck and call were now edging away for a look at the newcomers, and Mrs. Frank Garrison, perched on the carriage step and chatting most vivaciously with its occupants and no longer concerning herself, apparently, about the Red Cross or its tables, had the gratification of finding herself approached quite as she had planned, by

two most prominent and distinguished women of San Francisco society, and requested to issue instructions as to the moving of the other tables. "Certainly, ladies," she responded, with charming smiles. "Just one minute, Mildred. Don't drive farther yet," and within that minute half a dozen boys in blue were lagging at the first of the tables still left on the crowded side of the dock, and others still were bearing oil stoves, urns and trays. In less time than it takes to tell it the entire Red Cross equipage was on its way across the pier, and when the commanding officer of the arriving regiment reached the spot which he had planned to occupy with his band, his staff and all his officers, there in state and ceremony to receive the citizens who came in swarms to bid them farewell, he found it occupied by as many as eight snowy, goody-laden tables, presided over by as many as 80 charming maids and matrons, all ready and eager to comfort and revive the inner man of his mighty regiment with coffee and good cheer limitless, and the colonel swore a mighty oath and pounced on his luckless officer of the guard. He had served as a subaltern many a year in the old army, and knew how it was done.

"Didn't I give you personal and positive orders not to let anything or any body occupy this space after the baggage was got aboard, sir?" he demanded.

"You did, sir," said the unabashed lieutenant, pulling a folded paper from his belt, "and the Red Cross got word to the general and what the Red Cross says—goes. Look at that!"

The colonel looked, read, looked dazed, scratched his head and said: "Well, I'm damned!" Then he turned to his adjutant. "You were with me when I saw the general last night and he told men to put this guard on and keep this space clear. Now, what'd you say to that?"

The adjutant glanced over the pencilled lines. "Well," said he, "if you s'pose any order that discriminates against the Red Cross is going to hold good, once they find it out, you're bound to get left. They're feasting the first company now, sir; shall I have it stopped?" and there was a grin under the young soldier's mustache. The colonel paused one moment, shook his head and concluded he, too, would better grin and bear it. Taking the paper in his hand again he heard his name called and saw smiling faces and beckoning hands in an open carriage near him, but the sight of Stanley Armstrong, signaling to him from another, farther away, had something dominant about it. "With you in a minute," he called to those who first had summoned him. "What is it, Armstrong?"

"I wish to present you to some friends of mine—Miss Lawrence—Miss Prime—Mr. Prime—my old associate, Col. Stewart. Pardon me, Mrs. Garrison. I did not see you had returned." She had, and was once more perched upon the step. "Mrs. Garrison—Col. Stewart. What we need to know, Stewart, is this: Will all your men board the ship by this stage, or will some go aft?"

"All by this stage—why?" But the colonel felt a somewhat massive hand crushing down on his arm and forebore to press the question. Armstrong let no pause ensue. He spoke, rapidly for him, bending forward, too, and speaking low; but even as she chatted and laughed, the little woman on the carriage step saw, even though she did not seem to look, heard, even though she did not seem to listen:

"An awkward thing has happened. The general's tent was robbed of important papers perhaps two days ago, and the guard-house rid of a most important prisoner last night. Canker has put the officer-of-the-guard in arrest. Remember good old Billy Gray who commanded us at Apache? 'This is Billy Junior, and I'm awfully sorry.' Here the soft gray eyes glanced quickly at the anxious face of Miss Lawrence, who sat silently feigning interest in the chat between the others. The anxious look in her eyes gave way to sudden alarm at Armstrong's next words: "The prisoner must have had friends. He is among your men, disguised, and those two fellows at the stage are detectives." A low cry came from her lips, for Mrs. Garrison dropped at the instant and lay half under the wheels in a deathlike swoon upon the dock.

[To Be Continued.]

The Reason Why.

A gentleman was riding on one of the coaches in the Trossachs of Scotland, when the driver said to him: "I've had a coin give me to-day 200 years old. Did you ever see a coin 200 years old?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "I have one myself 2,000 years old."

"Ah," said the driver, "have ye?" And he spoke no more during the rest of the journey.

When the coach arrived at its destination the driver came up to the gentleman with an intensely self-satisfied air and said:

"I told you as we came along that I had a coin 200 years old."

"Yes."

"And you said to me as you had one 2,000 years old."

"Yes, so I have."

"Now, you be a liar!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"What do I mean? Why—it's only 1899 now!"—London Answers.

Liberty.

New Cook—Then I am not to wear your bonnets when I like?

Witness—Now, when I see him he was on the street where the bonnetter checked him out.—Puck.

From Washington

How a Little Boy Was Saved.

Washington, D. C.—"When our boy was about 16 months old he broke out with a rash which was thought to be measles. In a few days he had a swelling on the left side of his neck and it was decided to be mumps. He was given medical attendance for about three weeks when the doctor said it was scarfula and ordered a salve. He wanted to lance the sore, but I would not let him, and continued giving him medicine for about four months, when the bunch broke in two places and became a running sore. Three doctors said it was scarfula, and each ordered a blood medicine. A neighbor told me of a case somewhat like our baby's which was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I decided to give it to my boy and in a short while his health improved and his neck healed so nicely that I stopped giving him the medicine. The sore broke out again, however, whereupon I again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla and its persistent use has accomplished a complete cure." MRS. NETTIE CHASE, 47 K St., N. E.

One of Glen McDonough's Jokes.

In one of his farces Glen McDonough had written two or three lines to be spoken by a chorus girl. The lines were given to a green, heavy amateur, who looked well and would do. At the rehearsal the girl made her way to McDonough, who held the book, and said: "Mr. McDonough, I have a line in the first act and one in the third. Couldn't you write me one for the second act, too?" McDonough thought a minute, looked at the girl and said: "Yes; in the banquet scene you enter and say: 'Here is the ham.' " "Oh, do I bring the ham on with me?" "No, my dear, it is not a speech, it is a confession." —Chicago Chronicle.

To California Quickly and Comfortably.

Via Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Lines. "The Overland Limited" leaves Chicago daily 6:30 P. M., arrives San Francisco the afternoon of third day, and Los Angeles next morning. No change of cars. All meals in dining cars. Buffet, smoking and library cars, with barber. "The best of everything." "The Pacific Express" leaves Chicago daily 10:30 P. M., with first-class and through tourist sleepers to California. Personally conducted excursions every Thursday. All agents sell tickets via Chicago & North-Western R'y. For full information and illustrated pamphlet apply to W. R. Kniskern, 22 Fifth ave., Chicago, Ill.

"Trigly, does your club play whist regularly?" "No; the women talk regularly, and we men play whist when conversation flags." —Indianapolis Journal.

Happy Women

who have been relieved of painful menstruation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, are constantly writing grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

cured them. It always relieves painful periods and no woman who suffers should be without this knowledge.

Nearly all the ills of women result from some derangement of the female organism. Mrs. Pinkham's great medicine makes women healthy; of this there is overwhelming proof.

Don't experiment. If you suffer get this medicine and get Mrs. Pinkham's free advice. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascaret I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot eat too highly of Cascarets." FRED WATMAN, 6708 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. Etc. 25c. Do. ... CURE CONSTIPATION. ... Blanding Brothers Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. '14

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W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes. Endorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.

The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send a pair on receipt of price and 25c. extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and what you want. Cat. free. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Positively cures coughs, colds in the chest or lungs and all infant complaints. It is reliable. It is splendid for children. Three good doses every day.

Teeth Made from Paper.
Teeth of paper make the latest in dentistry. By a peculiar process they are rendered better than any other material. Paper teeth may be fine, but we will venture that most people prefer their own, and this may best be accomplished by keeping the stomach healthy with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The condition of the stomach invariably affects the teeth. The Bitters will strengthen your stomach, cure dyspepsia and biliousness.

No Wonder He Smelled It.
A commercial traveler whose wife is one of those women who borrow trouble indiscriminately had occasion to make a trip east recently.

His wife was very anxious about him and felt certain that he would fall a victim to smallpox, which was reported to be prevalent in the city to which he was going. She begged him to carry a little lump of asafetida in his pocket to ward off contagion.

Naturally he objected and positively refused to be made the permanent abode of such a persistent odor.

When he came home from his trip he said to his wife:

"It is wonderful, the power of the imagination. Why don't you know I imagined that I smelled asafetida the whole time I was gone?"

"It wasn't imagination at all," quietly replied the wily little woman. "I sewed a bit of asafetida in the corner of your coat before you went away!"—Memphis Scimitar.

LIGHT.

The very first requirement of the primitive man is food, the next, clothing, the next, shelter and then he passes from the requirements of the purely animal body to those of a little higher plane and demands light and heat and companionship. In the process of evolution the very first evidence of a development beyond the animal stage, in which man was a carnivorous beast of prey, killing and devouring, raw, animals less strong than himself, was the employment of fire for heat, for light, and later for cooking.

It is strange that nature should have so fashioned adult man that he cannot pass as much of the time in sleep as she has given over to darkness, and it is to correct this fault in his structure that for all time man has devoted a large part of his energies to wards producing means for artificial illumination which would lengthen the day and shorten the night.

The demand for light is as natural a demand as that for food. An evidence of the fact that this is a natural demand, is the rapidity with which any industry supplying a satisfactory light grows. Perhaps the largest industrial concerns in the world are engaged in the work of dispelling the darkness after the sun has ceased to shine.

A marvelous new chemical compound which when brought in contact with water would give off a gas possessing fifteen times the illuminating value of ordinary gas, was discovered by accident at a small North Carolina village on May 4th, 1892. Nothing was done with the discovery until 1895, when a company to exploit it was formed. Since then its growth and development has been without parallel in the industrial history of America.

The new substance "Carbide" in appearance resembles dark granite and as ordinarily crushed, the pieces average about the size of egg coal. Carbide is inert, will not burn, is non inflammable and can be handled in any quantity with perfect safety. Calcium Carbide is produced by the fusion and reduction in an electric furnace of a mixture of finely ground and intimately mixed lime and coke.

There have been passed and pronounced safe by the Boards of Fire Insurance over eighty different kinds of generators for producing Acetylene from the union of Calcium Carbide and water, and the sales of Calcium Carbide for a single day have been in excess of 300 tons.

When it is considered that less than four years ago there was not an Acetylene generator on the market and the very name Acetylene itself was unknown outside of technical chemical laboratories, this progress seems truly marvelous and is explainable only by the fact that Acetylene is truly an extraordinary brilliant, cheap, safe and satisfactory light, that it possesses many advantages not common to any other artificial illuminant, and that it reaches and appeals to a class of isolated consumers in villages and on farms away from gas and electric mains and supplies—a long and sorely felt want.

Acetylene is produced by the simple combination of calcium carbide and water, the former is now procurable readily and at small cost. Any mechanic can install the generator. Any member of the family can manipulate it. It causes no odor, soot, or smoke. The flame from the Acetylene is clear and brilliant, the very essence of light. Owing to its richness it is consumed in very small burners. An Acetylene flame the size of a thumb nail gives as much light as an ordinary flame from city gas thirteen times as large.

Significant Signal.
"I was much amused," said Cawker to Cumso, "at what a returned Klondiker told me of the customs of the gold mines."

"Interesting and funny, were they?"

"He said that in his shanty six men slept together. They all lay in a row, like spoons in a case, facing one way, to keep warm. When one of them became tired of lying on one side he would call out 'lawyer,' and they would all turn at once."

"Why did they use the word 'lawyer'?"

"That meant 'Lie on the other side,'" Judge.

It is not always the most successful fisherman who can tell the most catchy story. Star of Hope.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for April 8, 1900—Process and Promises.

[Prepared by H. C. Lenington.]
THE LESSON TEXT.

(Matthew 23:13)

1. Judge not, that ye be not judged.

2. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

3. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

4. Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, 'Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and behold, a beam is in thine own eye?'

5. Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

6. Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

7. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

8. For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

9. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

10. Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

11. If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?

12. Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets.

13. Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in that way.

14. Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Whoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—Matt. 7:12.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

With this lesson we conclude the study of the sermon on the mount. Therefore verses 24-27 should be taken in connection with the text. They close the sermon and very graphically describe the two types of men in the world. Those who found their lives on the principles laid down by Jesus will abide, those who refuse the words of eternal life will come to the close of life empty, having built, according to the figure of the Master, a house on the sand, or by a like figure much in common use, only a house of cards. The lesson analysis will follow the text:

The Passing of Judgment.....vs. 1-4

Concerning Prayer.....vs. 7-11

The Golden Rule.....vs. 12-13

Entrance to the Kingdom.....vs. 13-14

The Passing of Judgment.—In this passage Jesus lays down very clearly the rule of conduct regarding censorious judgments. In life we have to judge our fellows and acquaintances. Only by passing a mental judgment can we deal fairly and honorably, protect our own interests and give that which is due to those about us. But Jesus warns us against censoriousness.

And concerning censorious judgment Jesus makes four declarations:

(1) We will be judged by the same standard that we judge others. This is just, for if we maliciously, or ignorantly and unnecessarily, misrepresent another's character, no judgment can be too hard for us. Another thing: We cannot see all around the affairs of this life, and in the majority of cases ill-judgment is uncalled for, therefore we should temper with mercy whatever estimates of another's character we must make. A third reason presents itself against censorious judgment, and establishes the declaration of Christ, and it is found in the constitution of the human mind. It is that it is the tendency to judge another by oneself. Therefore by judging another a man does little more than reveal his own weakness of character, besides, of course, the harm that is done that other's reputation. David says (Psalm 18:26) of God: "With the pure Thou wilt show Thyself pure; and with the forward Thou wilt show Thyself forward." Even the Holy God is thought of as being pure and unspotted by men whose lives are not in accord with the Divine teaching.

(2) We are not to pick flaws with others, while there is that within our own hearts that needs correction (verse 3).

(3) If we try to remove the beam from our own eye, we will have little time for the mote in a brother's eye.

(4) In verse 6 Jesus adds an additional reason for not passing judgment. The one of whom we are apt to think hardly may be fully as bad as we have thought him, but why cast pearls before swine? An old adage has it: "Reprove not a scorners, lest he hate thee."—Prov. 9:7, 8.

Concerning Prayer.—Jesus' law concerning prayer is exceedingly simple. It is that we take the attitude of perfect trust. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven give good things to them that ask Him."

Entrance to the Kingdom.—The way into the Kingdom of Heaven as laid down by Jesus is not a broad one, but a narrow one, and hard to travel. It is natural to do not right, but wrong. The path of the Christian life is uphill. Difficulties should not discourage, but incite to renewed effort. "Straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Gems of Truth.

Where love is there is no toil.—H. S. Bernard.

True life is righteousness, love, joy, peace. It is out of doors and in intellectual and spiritual sunshine. It is never among the dissonances of nature nor the jar of affairs.—Ell. Fay.

Right living in the fullest sense of the word, the spirit of love to God and love to man, carried into every relation of life, brings the soul into such a state that it is sensitive to moral truth, and apprehends it as by instinct.—G. S. Merriam.

THE TEEMING WEST.

The Prairie Lands of Western Canada Being Filled with Excellent Settlers.

The salient fact that presents itself in taking a bird's-eye view of the Canadian West, is that of intense activity in every department. Whether the glance be turned upon the district east of Winnipeg, the Red River Valley south or north, the Dauphin and M. & N. W. district, the South-western, or whether it take in the great central division along the main line of the C. P. R. stretching away out to the Rockies and from there bending north and south to Prince Alberta and Edmonton, Meleod and Lethbridge—whether the examination be made in any of these directions the same activity, growth and hopefulness is observable.

The Canadian west is not only a good place to locate permanently, but it is also a good place to invite their relatives and friends to come to. This is the spirit that seems to animate the west at the present time and its effects are to be seen on every hand. To enumerate the towns where handsome and substantial blocks and residences have gone up this year would be simply to give a list of the towns and villages along the railway lines. And this movement has not been confined to these centers of population, but in many cases it has been overshadowed by the improvement in farm buildings.

So far as one can see, this is no passing phase, no repetition of any temporary boom following a period of good crops and fair prices. It is a movement more spontaneous, more general, more marked than anything that has gone before, and seems to indicate that the Great West, like Samson, bursting the encompassing bands, has awakened to a period of activity and development that will surpass anything we have known in the past and which will only be paralleled by the opening out of some of the most fertile of the western states of the union.

Look at some of the figures. Over a thousand schools in Manitoba and the number going up by leaps and bounds. Something like five hundred schools in the Territories. Winnipeg as representing the gateway of the west, the third city in the Dominion in regard to bank clearings, postal business and probably in regard to customs: the custom return at Winnipeg running about thirty to forty per cent. greater month by month than in the fiscal year of 1897-8, the largest previous year for actual business entries, when over \$900,000 was paid through the Winnipeg office for duty. The C. P. R. and Canada Northwest land sales together running over \$1,500,000 for the year. These, and a thousand more signs show how the west has leaped into new life.

This is an inspiring and cheering spectacle, but it brings with it great responsibilities. The business men realize this, the banks realize it, and have spread their agencies through every bustling little town clear out to the coast, the churches realize it, and one denomination alone has opened an average of about thirty new stations in each of the past two years, and will increase this in the year now entered upon, the government departments realize it, and there is talk of redistribution and additional members. The educational branches realize it and new schools are springing up everywhere. Over 12,000 settlers came in from the United States alone last year, and these with the people who came in from the east prove the most rigorous Westerners. They lose no time in developing their farms, in filling their grazing lands with stock and in every district is to be found evidences of thrift and prosperity.

The man who cracks his fingers several times while nailing down the carpet knows what it is to take pains with his work.—Philadelphia Record.

If a man has a good memory he is able to forget judiciously.—Chicago Daily News.

Heathen Gratitude.

An amateur philanthropist took charge of a Sunday school class of Chinamen on the East side. The members were zealous to learn, and the intelligent responses of his favorite pupil caused the teacher to glow with pride. After some months this pupil began walking part of the way home with the teacher, and one Sunday afternoon, in a burst of confidence, he said, earnestly: "I want to thank you for your kind, to poor heathen. I know English now pretty good. I got place to work as interpreter gambling house. I put you on good thing!"—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is often ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Out of the Question.

Mrs. Flyabout—Oh, dear me! I suppose I must give up something during Lent. Mr. Flyabout—Why not give up talking so much? "What! And have you get gay and worldly? Well, hardly."—Judge.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write to-day to Allen S. Olmsted, Leroy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures chilblains, sweating, damp, swollen, itching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists and shoe stores sell it, 25c.

Keep Awake Listening.

"What makes Mrs. Henpeck look so worried these days, I wonder?" "Her husband has developed a habit of talking in his sleep, and it's driving her crazy."—Philadelphia Press.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 25c.

"Did I understand you to say that one of your ancestors fought during the revolution?"

"Yes, my great-great-grandfather fought at Bunker kopje."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga.

The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

After a man does a clever thing, he usually talks about it too much.

—Acheson Globe.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not stain the hands or soot the kettle.

Sold by all druggists.

The man who turns from evil companions does himself a good turn.

—Chicago Daily News.

I have used Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.

—Dr. G. W. Patterson, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

There is a disease among cattle known as big jaw; many people catch it.

—Acheson Globe.

Everyone thinks he works for a man who is mighty unappreciative.

—Acheson Globe.

Old as the Hills

are the pains and aches of

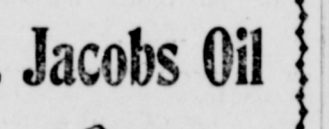
RHEUMATISM

NEURALGIA

SCIATICA

Sure as taxes is the cure of them by

St. Jacobs Oil




ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

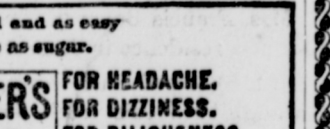


See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. 

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

C. B. Goldthwaite, Druggist, Troy, Ala., wrote, February 28, 1899,

"FOR GRANULATED EYELIDS, I would not take \$500.00 for the good

Palmer's Lotion

has done my son, who had been in care of a physician for 15 months"

Lotion Soap

Prevents and assists in curing sore eyes, and sore eyelids. At druggists only.

O, How Happy I am to BE FREE from

NEURALGIA

Is what Mrs. Archie Young of 1817 Oaks Ave., West Superior, Wis., writes us on Jan. 25th, 1900.

"I am so thankful to be able to say that your SWANSON'S '5 DROPS' is the best medicine I have ever used in my life. I sent for some last November and commenced using it right away and it helped me from the first dose. Oh, I cannot explain to you how I was suffering from neuralgia. It seemed that death was near at hand. I thought no one could be worse. I was so very weak that I hardly expected to live to see my husband come back from his daily labor. But now I am free from pain, my cheeks are red, and I sleep well the whole night through. Many of my friends are so surprised to see me looking so well that they will send for some of your '5 DROPS.'"

RHEUMATISM

"I have been afflicted with rheumatism for 2 years. I was in bed with it when I saw your advertisement in a paper, recommending SWANSON'S '5 DROPS' very highly. I thought I would try it. It has completely cured me, but I like it so well that I want two more bottles for fear I will get the same fix I was before I sent for '5 DROPS.'"

—Mr. Alexander Furell of Yonahdale, Ark., Feb. 6th, 1900.

Is the most powerful specific known. Free from opiates and perfectly harmless. It gives almost instantaneous relief, and is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, In Grippe, Croup, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Headache, Neuralgia, Hiccups, Earache, Toothache, Heart Weakness, Dropsy, Malaria, Creeping Eruptions, etc., etc.

30 DAYS to enable sufferers to give '5 DROPS' at least a trial. We will send a 25c sample bottle, prepaid by mail for 10c. A sample bottle will convince you. Also, large bottles (500 doses) \$1.00, 4 bottles for \$4.00. Sold by us and agents. **ALWAYS WANT to See Territory. Write us today.**

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160 to 164 Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.

ARE YOU A FARMER, MERCHANT, PREACHER

Interested in lighting your home, store, church or other buildings? If so, send us your name and address on a postal card and we will mail you a booklet containing full information regarding the new artificial light—ACETYLENE; and tell you how simple it is to install ACETYLENE GENERATORS, and how economically you can light a building.

Address Buckeye Acetylene Co.,

Dealers in ACETYLENE GENERATORS and CALCIUM CARBIDE.

8 Canby Bldg., DAYTON, OHIO.

1101 New England Bldg., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

33 N. High Street, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

ROOFING

The best Red Rope Roofing for 1c. per sq. ft. and no work included. Substitutes for plaster, samples free.

THE FAY MANILA ROOFING CO., CAMDEN, N. J.

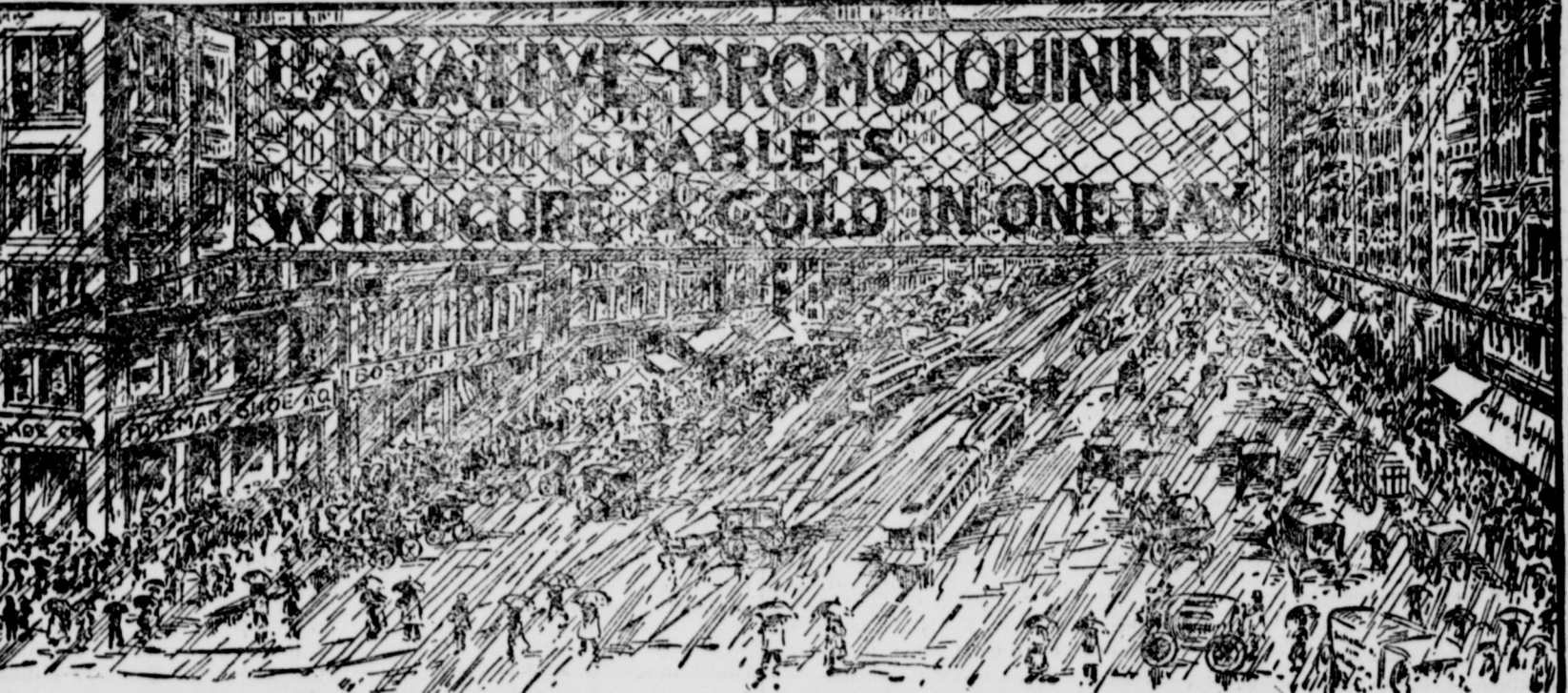
PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by all druggists.

CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—E 1806

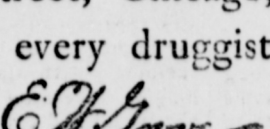
WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.



A STATE STREET SCENE ON A STORMY DAY.

NOTE—Laxative Bromo-Quinine which is advertised on the large banner over State Street, Chicago, as represented above, is the only exclusive cold prescription

sold by every druggist in the United States, Canada and in England. This is the signature

 of the inventor and plainly appears on every box of the genuine article. It is sold for 25c a box, and all druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.

Virginia Sketches.

By A. SOJOURNER.

(Continued from last week.)

Farming in the Clinch Valley is profitable compared with the price of land which ranges from ten to thirty-five dollars per acre. The farmers are generally prosperous. Although they do not have a convenient market, cattle-raising brings in the most ready money. They are too far from corn and wheat markets to raise more of those cereals than they need for home use. They generally raise one crop of corn and then sow wheat or winter oats. The latter is sown in September and seldom fails to make a good crop. After wheat or oats they sow clover. By this rotation of crops they are improving their lands. Where the inclined strata of limestone crops out, and on the very steep land, they secure a set of blue grass for permanent pastures, and some of these pastures are excellent. In some fields where one fourth of the surface is rock, the pasture excels much of the pasture in the famed blue grass regions of our state. On many of the fields there are large quantities of hornstone, the remains of vast coral reefs. Many of the farmers pick and haul this stone from the land, piling it along the highways or dump it into sink holes. Sometimes they build it into great piles as large as a house and as high as they can throw it from a wagon. The have to pick the stone after three plowings to get all of it removed. This is a very laborious task, for on some of the land the stone lies so thick it entirely hides the earth. On some fields where the stone had not been picked, I have seen a good stand of wheat which had been sown after the first crop of corn where I could not see a particle of earth. In such places the stone was small. The farms are rather small, seldom exceeding one hundred acres and often much less than that. Some men are raising their families on twenty-five acres and living well. One old man was making a good living on seventeen acres of ordinary land. The farmers have fine large horses that work well any where, and are excellent saddle horses. They keep a large stock of cattle. Six hundred were shipped from that valley to Illinois last fall to be grass-fed for market.

The people are very sociable always asking you to come if they see you a dozen times a day. Indeed this has become a habit which sometimes borders on the ludicrous. I once met a man at a creek-crossing and when we had watered our horses, he asked me to go up the creek with him. I met a boy on the road and after talking with him a few minutes, he asked me to go to mill with him. If you enter the house of a friend hours after meal time they will ask you to eat. Indeed it would be considered a great lack of hospitality if they should enter your home at 2 P. M. and you should fail to ask them if they had been to dinner. When they visit over night they often sit up till midnight talking, knitting, eating apples, or chewing tobacco.

The women are real helpmates generally, but sometimes it is the man who is the helpmate. The farmers' wives raise chickens, beans, potatoes, and onions. They milk the cows, churn the butter, help tend the garden and corn, take the produce of their own raising to market, furnish the family with groceries and sometimes almost clothe the family in that way. There is a great dearth of money in that section and most of it is only exchanged in cattle trading. So of necessity the farm productions must be exchanged at the store for goods. The women think nothing of tying a half dozen or more chickens together; hanging them across the saddle, mount, take a bucket of butter to the store to trade for goods. And they always keep posted as to where they can get the best price for produce and where they can buy goods the cheapest.

The schools of that section compare favorably with our own. The teachers' wages are about the same. Some of the teachers use the rules on the children's palms when they fail to get their lessons. They have good school-houses and most of them are three-story. The pigs or sheep occupy the basement, the school children the first story, and the bats and wasps the attic.

In religion the people are largely Baptist New and Old or Missionary, and anti-dogmatic theology is more common than ethics; theological discussions more in vogue than Sabbath Schools. Yet the morality of the people is rather above the average morality of the south. The people are beginning to desire a better state of affairs than now exists and the general trend of life is above and beyond the past.

Owsley County.

Buck Creek.

Sam Everett, of Mt. Sterling, was here last week and bought a pair of mules of the Peters, on Sturgeon Creek.

Thos. Breeding, of Booneville, and Miss Dovie Isaacs, of this place were married on Saturday the 25th.

Mrs. Verna Peters, wife of John Peters, died at her home on Little Sturgeon. The cause of her death was consumption.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hall on the 20th, a girl; to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Mainous on the 27th, a boy; to Mr. and Mrs. Mark Garret, a fine boy.

Washington County.

Springfield.

Mrs. Francis Baker has moved into her new residence in Jamestown.

J. I. Short, of Harrodsburg, passed through here this week, enroute to Bardtown.

Bishop C. T. Peddy is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks while in town.

Bishop C. T. Peddy, from Louisville gave an interesting lecture last night at the A. M. E. Church.

The groceries are still multiplying. There is great competition at present, since the Blue Grass grocery has started.

The S. M. T. Lodge met yesterday at 2:30 and the U. B. F. met at 7:30 P. M. to transact business under the Deputy Master, White, from Lebanon.

Clay County.

Bright Shade.

Miss Bell Sizemore is very ill. The little child of Thos. Smith is ill.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Eversole were here Sunday.

H. P. Smith had a large log rolling Friday.

S. L. Wagers went to Manchester Thursday.

Simon B. Delph, of Pineville, was here recently.

Mrs. Martha Green has come to spend a week with her parents.

Mrs. James Smith visited friends at Martin Creek Thursday of last week.

Rev. Nora Smith preached at Cadis Creek Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Smith visited friends on Otter Creek recently.

Arthur Sizemore has gone back to Berea, after visiting his parents at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Smallwood spent a few days here visiting recently.

Married, last Thursday, Mr. John Helton and Miss Eliza Asher, both are of Spring Creek.

Miss Mollie Walkes is with her father who is in Louisville this week buying his spring stock of goods.

Miss Lucy Smith has returned to her home from Martin's Creek, where she has been attending school the past winter.

Some readers of the Citizen may be interested to know that J. T. Miles of this place will be married ere the June flowers bloom.

Misses Nellie and Mary Sizemore visited Misses Mollie and Lottie Swafford at their home, near Manchester, Saturday and Sunday.

Estill County.

Locust Branch.

Mrs. James Bicknell is no better.

Boin-Gentry's wife is very poorly. Allen Kindred left last Friday for Illinois.

Miss Sallie Kindred has the measles.

Charley Coffee and wife have separated.

Floyd Kidd passed through here last week.

Miss Paulina Kindred is very sick with fever.

Henry Nell, of Panola, died last Wednesday.

J. A. Bicknell's family is affected with the measles.

Bill Rubles hired to J. M. Kindred for the summer.

John Simmons is very ill with the measles.

Marsh Kindred's folks have the measles.

Elby Bicknell called on his best girl Sunday.

Allen Powell's little girl was badly burnt recently.

Charley Bicknell visited his uncle Lilner Bicknell Sunday.

Mrs. Manery Gentry's daughter was married last week.

Charley Wager lost one of his children with the measles.

Miss Alice Revis visited Miss Marnerva Bicknell last Friday.

Erby Bicknell went to his uncle James Bicknell to work this spring.

James Combs was the guest of Ennis Combs last Thursday night.

J. M. Kindred bought 200 sheaves of oats of Godfrey Isaacs at \$2 a hundred.

Mrs. Amanda Powell is visiting her grandma Mrs. Sallie Ann Kindred this week.

Hiram Bicknell came near being shot by a shot gun going off unexpectedly.

Mrs. Sallie A. Kindred was the guest of John Kindred and family last week.

James Bruce and wife will return home after a two weeks visit with their daughters.

Hiram Rose had two children burnt nearly to death, and their recovery is doubtful.

The new Post Office at Jink's on Red Lick, is ready for use, with W. L. Harrison as Post Master.

Jackson County.

Clover Bottom.

Mrs. Jas. Click's baby is ill.

Mrs. W. J. Dougherty has been ill for some time, but is recovering.

D. M. Click has just returned from Drip Rock.

Mrs. T. J. Coyle and daughter went to McKee last week.

J. D. Hatfield went to Berea Monday to take his daughter there to attend school.

Uncle Billy Ballard visited his daughter, Mrs. W. J. Dougherty, last week.

The writer was delighted with a visit by Miss Lou Hatfield recently.

Chas. Jones spent Saturday afternoon with Chas. Click.

Miss Ethel Jones called on Miss Nora Click, Tuesday.

Several persons at Indian Creek and surrounding community have died of measles.

Drip Rock.

After a long silence your correspondent will write again.

T. J. Coyle, our County Judge, passed through to day on his way to McKee.

L. R. Ballard, of Clover Bottom, is at the home of the writer at this time.

Most everybody is busy now gardening and oat-sowing.

Mrs. D. F. Parsons, of West Union, visited relatives here this week.

R. L. Thomas and J. W. Fowler will, in a few days go to Leslie county to measure logs.

Capt. Thomas is having three dams built in South Fork Creek.

J. E. Parsons is helping H. H. Fowler make staves.

W. R. Lynch recently purchased the stock of goods belonging to J. M. Thomas, of Ford, and has added a nice line of groceries. This makes twelve stores of which not one is more than six miles from Drip Rock P. O.

Evergreen.

Everybody is preparing for plowing and fencing.

Mrs. Mary Belle Rose, the wife of Mick Rose had her arm broken.

Bradley Lake says he is going to school at Berea next fall and winter.

John W. Lake has been very sick with sore throat, but is improving.

Franklin Marcum is getting along fine selling goods. Everybody thinks Mr. Marcum is selling goods cheap enough.

Miss Minnie Ballard, of this vicinity, was married last week to Patrick Bleaks, of Livingston.

Green Lake, Thomas Jones, and Maud Lake were the guests of Dinks and Kate Lake Sunday March 24th.

Mrs. Fannie Jones and family have been very sick with Grip, but are slowly improving.

Willie Amyx has returned from Annnville, where he has been going to school.

Madison County.

Wallaceton.

Mrs. Tom Soper is able to be out again.

Mr. A. F. Caldwell has gone to the mountains on business.

Miss Fannie Boian is visiting her aunt, Margaret Parks.

Mrs. E. B. Wallace who has been ill for some time is improving.

Kate Wylie will spend a few days with her aunt, Ellen Ballard.

Mrs. G. A. Ballard and little daughter, Annie, visited Mrs. T. I. Ballard.

On last Friday week, Mrs. T. S. Ballard dropped a heavy stone jar on her finger and mashed the end of it off causing severe pain.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE HOME.

Edited by Mrs. KATE U. PUTNAM, teacher in Berea College.

Parkhurst Epigrams.

In a paper for young men in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Dr. Parkhurst gave brilliant emphasis to his text, "The Stuff That Makes Young Manhood," by the frequent employment of forcible epigrams:

Putting a buttercup to school will not graduate it a butterfly, even if it is a very good school. Its only wholesome ambition will be to be as good as it can as a buttercup.

I have watched a good many brooding hens, but I never saw one facilitate the hatching process by pecking the shell. The chick on the inside will get out if he is worth it.

More men are injured by having things made easy for them than by having their path beset with difficulties, for it encourages them to stay themselves on circumstances, whereas their supreme reliance needs to be on their own personal stuff.

Young men are constantly worrying lest they be failures and nonentities.

Every man will count for all he is worth.

There is as much science of success as there is science of hydraulics.

The less a young man talks about luck and untowardness of circumstances, and the coquettishness of popular favor, and the like, the better for him and for the world to which he owes himself. Every man will have all the power he earns, and the power that he has will tell, not because people like it or him, but because it is power.

Personal pressure can no more be hooted down, or voted down, or argued out of existence, than can the push of the wind or the pull of the moon. If you weigh a ton, you will exert a ton's pressure.

There is, probably, such a thing as genius, although ninety-nine hundredths of it is doubtless the name which lazy people give to results which others have earned by hard work in those hours when the lazy people themselves were either sleeping or wishing they could gain it without toiling for it.

There is faculty enough in almost anybody to become genius, if only all that faculty were lumped.

We are more likely to find a good destiny by going afoot than by riding.

The world cares very little for experts, and the course of events is only infinitesimally determined by them.

The man whose entire capital is one of enthusiasm will be conspicuous for his abundance of torch, at the same time lacking the timber which the torch exists primarily to enkindle.

Sowing still antedates reaping, and the amount sowed determines pretty closely the size of the harvest.

Empty barns in October are the logical sequence of empty furrows in spring. The young man may as well understand that there are no gratuities in this life, and that success is never reached "across lots."

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by Mrs. ELIZA H. YOCUM, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

How to Keep up Good Heart.

Sidney Smith said once "I have gout, asthma, and seven other maladies, but—am otherwise very well." Said John Wesley, "I feel and grieve, but, by the grace of God—I fret at nothing."

For every evil under the sun There is a remedy, or there is none; If there be one, try and find it; If there be none, never mind it.

Writes Thomas Carlyle, "Wonder is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation is its power of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright."

Longfellow sings: 'Tis always morning somewhere, and above The awakening contents from shore to shore, Somewhere the birds are singing ever more.

Robert Southy says, "I have told you of the man who always puts on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, in order that the fruit might look larger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my eyes from my troubles, I pack them in as small a compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

One of the sunnies men I ever new was Mr. Spurgeon. He was one of the most thankful man I ever knew. He was perpetually praising God. And he was, as perpetually, thankfully finding reasons for praising God.

Well, be thankful for the goodness you can discover in others, and so be sure everything is not going to the bad, and so keep up good heart. That was the apostle's way.

Those Christians to whom he wrote his Epistles and for whom he was so thankful were by no means perfect people. They were quarrelsome, stumbling people rather; with much of the smutch of their old heathenism still upon them. That the apostle sought out and praised God for.

Said a good deacon once to me, getting his figure from his trade of carpenter, "There are a good many crooked Christians in the church but they make excellent timber for braces." Be thankful on the hunt for the good in others, as the apostle was, and you shall find yourself getting into his mood of unwasting cheer.

Do not stand longing for, or go skylarking after, some big chance for service. Look for the usual common chance right next you; thankfully use that, and your own heart shall win gladness and uplifting. I saw a girl's face beaming just now as she was preparing to carry good dinners to some worthy poor people.

Be thankful for trouble even. Trouble has its remedial side. If you look for it you shall find it: For its benigance thank God, and, like Mongo Park gathering courage from the small flower which he saw daring to bloom among the desert sands, you will discover that even trouble has nutriment for high heart and strong.

THE FARM.

How to Treat Timber Lot. Abstract of Ernest Bruncken's Address at Farmer's Institute at Delavan, Wis.

(Continued from last week.)

Now a word about underbrush. Too much of this in a wood lot is a nuisance, because it keeps the valuable trees from growing. A few-off hours spent in removing it may therefore be worth while, in many cases. But be careful about going to excess in this. In the first place, it helps to shade the ground, and should therefore never be cut in places where the crowns of the trees are too far apart. In the second place, never remove the underbrush from the outer margin of your lot, especially towards the side of the prevailing wind. The reason is that a belt of underbrush keeps the wind from blowing between the trunks of the trees and thereby aiding evaporation and drying of soil.

By observing these few simple rules a wood lot can be maintained in a reasonably good condition. But that is only one-half of the problem. As we do not keep our wood lots to look at, like a park, but in order to cut wood year after year, we must see to it that a new tree grows in the place of every one we chop down. That is the second part of our task.

Here we get into a conflict with the rule we have just laid down to keep the ground densely shaded as possible. The same dense cover which prevents grass from growing also keeps the tree seeds from sprouting. All tree seeds are not affected by this law in the same degree. For instance hard maple or beech can stand a considerable amount of shading. They are what the foresters call "tolerant" species. The various oaks can bear very little of it. They belong to the "intolerant" or "light demanding" kinds. But even the tolerant trees do not flourish profitably under the dense shade of their elders. So there is no way out of it but to make a compromise between the needs of the seedling and the requirements of soil preservation. To do this, several ways are possible.

The simplest, but also least satisfactory way is to trust to luck that wherever you cut down one of the old and large trees, sufficient light will be admitted to allow the seeds falling from the neighboring trees to sprout. There are various reasons which make this method of little value, but there is one in particular which prohibits the average farmers from adopting it with any hope of success. This reason is that in nine cases out of ten one of the principal uses of the wood lot is to let the cattle run in it when the regular pastures are getting too dry. Now you cannot expect tree seedlings to grow where horses and cattle, and still less where the sheep go. These animals not only bite off the tender young shoots but they trample down what they do not eat. Consequently, if you make a little opening here and there, throughout your forest, and expect to have your new trees grow up in these patches, you are sure to be disappointed. You will simply make an extra dainty nibble for some gluttonous cow.

(To be continued.)

A CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY

BEREA COLLEGE

FOUNDED 1855

Over 20 teachers, 700 students (from 20 states.) Best Library in Kentucky. No Saloons.

DEPARTMENTS:

For those NOT sufficiently advanced to get a teacher's certificate:

- I. Trade Schools: Carpentry, Housework, Printing—two years.
- II. Model Schools, preparing for Normal and the advanced courses.

For those sufficiently advanced to get a teacher's certificate:

- III. Farming and Agriculture, gardening, stock-raising, forestry, etc.—two years.
- IV. Domestic Science—Sewing, Cooking, etc.—two years.
- V. Normal Course for teachers—three years, with practice teaching.
- VI. Academy Course—four years, fitting for College, for business, and for life.

For those more advanced: VII. College Courses—Classical, Philosophical, and Literary.

Adjunct Departments: VIII. Music—Read Organ, Choral (free), Vocal, Piano, Theory.

- IX. Berea General Hospital—Two years' course in the care of the sick.

Berea places the best education in reach of all. It is not a money-making institution. Its instruction is a free gift. It aims to help those who value education and will help themselves, and charges a small incidental fee to meet expenses of the school apart from instruction. Students must also pay for their board. Expenses for term (12 weeks) may be brought within \$24, about half of which must be paid in advance.

The school is endorsed by Baptists, Congregationalists, Disciples, Methodists, Presbyterians, and good people of all denominations. For information or friendly advice address the Vice-President,

GEO. T. FAIRCHILD, LL. D., Berea, Madison Co., Ky.

Richmond.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ben Langford a girl of which they are very proud.

Mr. Corner, a student of Berea College, spent a few hours with D. F. White last week as he passed through the city on his way home.

The Night Normal School conducted by Prof. Reynolds is being well attended by both city and county teachers.

Hon. James B. McCreary has just returned from Frankfort and is being interviewed by political friends, on every street corner.

Mr. Culton who has been to Frankfort in conference with his son W. H. Culton has returned. He states that the innocence of his son will be easily established at the right time.

A Sunday Evening Literary Society is to be organized at the A. M. E. church for the benefit of the young people of the town.

It is reported that a suit has been filed by Mr. Dillingham against the Richmond Land Co. involving \$50,000. The property in question takes in that part of Richmond known as the "Dillingham Edition." If the decision is given in favor of Mr. Dillingham a hundred and fifty people will lose their homes.

Peytontown.

R. L. Potts, in connection to his stock of general merchandise, has opened up a coal yard which has been a God-send to the people of this place. Pap Harris is general manager.

Rev. I. Miller has just returned from Somerset, where has been preaching for Rev. W. D. Knox, of that place.

Perry Mundy has opened up his store again since the smallpox has died out, his store having been closed on account of the much dreaded disease.

The barber shop of J. C. Burnam, which has been connected with the store of Munday & Rice, has been opened by D. D. White.

Pap Harris has succeeded in getting a station and post-office here both of which are a great convenience to the surrounding community, and everybody says—Hurrah for Pap.

A good listener is sometimes the most pleasing conversationalist.